

Breckenridge News.

J. D. BAUGH, Publisher and Proprietor.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

A SEA-WALK.

"My Archie, come, for whom I yearned,
Come with a seven-price;
A boy by dusky moonlight turned,
A pearl of royal size."

"You, too, I've brought a gleaming pearl,
Some gleaming pearl night grace;
See there, a living, laughing girl,
Blue eyes and dimpled face."

"Abandoned by the fair Sybil,
We picked her up one morn,
Before the mighty sea swells
To coral reefs and foam."

"Before the leagues of whitening spray
By heated trade, hand-lashed bay,
To thunder on the strand."

"A relic of some hapless knight,
Or burnt or broken, or stained,
Her father lying stiff and stark
Beside her, outward bound."

"We've been to the ocean, took
The little daughter there;
She's mine, and therefore this; so look
The meet a mother's care."

"A heaven-sent wife, she will come home
With joy and gladness fraught;
Pray that her presence bless our home
Beyond a wish or thought."

"Our level open her trustful eyes;
No wickedness I'd dare
Before her sight; and would I were
Myself, if I could swear."

"Before her eyes so innocent,
And shock this gracious child,
To see a hardened man, who'll tell
Till keep her undisturbed."

"And she shall play with little Bess,
And daily go to school;
She's made me tender, none would guess
Me such a whelp of foot!"

"You doing all the good we can,
And hating evil ways,
In best, the Bible says, for man,
And give God credit for his ways."

"So take the comely lass, wife,
The treasure of our life,
With sunshine may she cheer our life,
In death a comfort be!"

A DESIRE.

BY ELMAR M. SPENCER.

Let me not lay the lightest feather's weight
Of duty upon you. Let me, my own,
The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown
Between our hearts, and would not be the gate
That bars, like some inexorable fate,
The portals of the life that's to come. Alone
Through me shall any joy to thee be known.
Rather the window, fragrant early and late
With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, than grow
And live, like some bright and blooming
rose,
Through which the sun shall shed his wrath on
thee.
In golden showers; through which thou may'st
look out
Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

—Scribner for October.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

[San Francisco Golden Era.]

Sam S. Hall, "Buckskin Sam" and
old Rip Ford were trapping in the
Arkansas River region. They were men
of desperate courage, who had taken their
lives in their hands too often to care for
the dangers they were exposed to. Old
Rip was a man who stood five feet
eleven in his moccasins—a man whom
you would hardly care to meet in the
close tug of a desperate battle. His
hard brown face was seamed with scars
from bullet, knife and claws of wild
beasts, and his muscular body showed
the marks of many a desperate struggle.
"Buckskin Sam" was the beau ideal of a
mountain and plainsman—the Western
hunter that the novelist paints and the
school-boy dreams of and wishes some
day to be. Although not so powerful
as Old Rip, he was a man of great per-
sonal strength and desperate courage.
For many a year these two had roamed
the trapping grounds together, fighting
Indians, grizzly wolves, chased by
night over the burning prairies, defend-
ing their camp against the sudden at-
tacks of red fiends, or spending reck-
lessly at the monte board the money
they had earned so hardly on the trap-
ping ground.

They had been out all winter, and as
spring approached, the last cache was
covered, and the trappers now began to
think of returning home. The camp
was built up near the river, a tributary
of the Canadian which flowed through
dismal canons, in which the light of day
never shows, under the shadow of giant
cliffs upon which human beings never
yet set foot, and all spreading out in
places where the cunning beaver had
built his dam. The river was broken by
great rapids, and abounded in rare fish,
upon which they had feasted royally
for many a day. They had a canoe, and
had been discussing the chances of going
down the stream in that, in order to save
time.

"I am ready to take the chances if
you are, Rip," said Sam.
"I don't like to give myself away,"
said Rip. "What do you know about
the river, after we get down to the big
canon, and who ever passed through it?"
"That's the fun of the thing, Rip.
We do what no one else dare do," said
Sam.

"I don't like it," replied Ford, who
was by far the most prudent of the two.
"I—ha! what in Jehu is that?" They
seized their weapons and ran to the door
of the hut, just in time to see a dozen
Indians running down through the grass
blocking up the only way of escape.
The moment the running Indians began
to play upon them they went out of sight
among the rocks and began their gradual
approach, which could only end in one
way—the white trappers would be over-
whelmed!

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried
Sam.
"And that?"
"The canoe."
"I am your man," cried the giant
trapper. "You push the canoe into the
water and throw in the weapons, while I
keep those fellows at bay. Oh, would
you? Take that!"
An Indian had raised his tufted head
to get a better shot at the trappers, but
before he could get back the unfading
eyes of the trapper had looked through
the double sights and the rifle cracked.
The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet,
spun sharp around upon his heel and
fell dead in his tracks.
The next moment the canoe shot from
the bank and headed down through the
boiling flood, plunging in the canon be-
low so rapidly that the Indians had
scarcely time to recover from their
amazement at the sudden exodus before
the trappers were out of sight. One of
the Indians bounded to his feet and ut-
tered a low signal-whoop, and two large
canoes, containing in all about fifteen
men, rounded a point in the river below
the canon and came flying down under
the strokes of the paddles. The Indians
on the shore simply pointed down the
stream, and the canoes dashed by at a
furious speed, the wild yell of the pad-
dles announcing to the white men that
they were pursued. The first rapid
passed, they entered a long stretch of

water where the current was only four
or five miles an hour, and there the pro-
pelling force in the other canoes began
to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly.
On each side of the canon the canon
was like a wall, two hundred feet in
height and the trappers could only put
all their strength in the paddles and
dash on as fast as they could. Two miles
further and the pursuing canoes were
scarcely a hundred yards behind, the
Indians yelling like demons as they saw
the white men almost in their grasp.
Rip Ford took his head as he looked
over his shoulder, when suddenly his
canoe was seized by a mighty force and
hurled downward, like a bullet from a
rifle. They had struck another rapid
more powerful than the first, and the
rocks absolutely seemed to fly past
them.

"This is something like it," cried the
daring Buckskin Sam. "How we do
mope!"
"I should say we did, old boy," re-
plied Rip. "I am only afraid we are
moving too fast."

"Don't you believe it, those fellows
seem to be standing still," said Sam.
"They will get in the current in a
moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that!"
The headmost canoe of the Indians
appeared upon the crest of the rapid,
and came flying down after the trappers
at a furious speed. The Indians no
longer used their paddles, with the ex-
ception of the man who sat at the stern,
and by a touch on the water, now on
one side, now on the other, regulated
the course of the canoe. The second canoe
followed in a moment, a little further in
shore. As they gazed the bow of the
last canoe was suddenly lifted into the
air as it struck a brown rock in the chan-
nel, which the occupants tried in vain
to avoid. The fierce current caught the
stern and in an instant there was a
swirling left of the craft, save broken frag-
ments, while the occupants, with loud
shrieks of terror, were borne swiftly on
by the relentless tide. "That ends them,"
said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for
your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which
they could not resist, the two canoes
were hurried. There was a scene of wild
exultation in the hearts of the white
men, for they could see that their enemy
would have gladly escaped, if they
could, from the perils that surrounded
them. Their mad desire for scalp and
plunder had led them into a trap, and
they no longer thought of the canoe be-
fore them. They knew, as the whites
did not, the terrible danger before them,
for they had explored the banks of the
stream on foot many times. The river
suddenly narrowed, and the trappers
rushed into a canon barely twenty feet
wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff
on each side. The current was not quite
so rapid here, and they guided the canoe
easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said
Sam, as they went on through the nar-
row pass. "We are going." "To our
death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a sol-
emn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of water and the
dive of the paddles, they heard a low,
dead, tremulous roar, which was the
sound of falling water. For a moment
the brown face of Sam blanched, and
then he drew his figure up proudly,
saying: "Better than the scalping
knife or stake, old friend, as the French-
man says, 'Vive la mort!' Long live
death!"

It was, indeed, before them, for as
they shot out of the narrow pass they
saw the falls before them—how high
they could not tell, but the smoke which
arose showed that it was not a small
one. "Keep her head to it," cried Rip.
If we don't get through it, good-bye
forever, Sam!"
The swift current caught them, and
the canoe, hurled forward with terrible
force, went flying toward the verge.
A moment more and it shot out into the
midst and went down into the unknown
depths. Each man clung to his paddle
as he went down, held by an invisible
power, whirled to and fro, as in a
saw-circ, and then shot up into the
light below the falls. Far below them
the canoe floated, and as the current
swept them down, the two men looked
back in time to see the Indians' canoe
come over the fall sideways without an
occupant. It was hurled far out, and fell
lightly on the water, only to be arrested
by the strong hand of Buckskin Sam.
The Indians, appalled by their dan-
ger, had upst the canoe in their frantic
efforts to escape. What became of them
the trappers never knew, for when they
reached the foot of the rapid, far below
the falls, and righted the canoe, they
made no pause, but hurried down the
stream, and before night were safely
floating in the waters of the Canadian
River. Two days later they reached
Fort Sill in safety.

Petition of the Horse.

In the days of John of Atri, an an-
cient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell
put up which any one that had received
any injury went and rang, and the King
assembled the wise men chosen for the
purpose, that justice might be done. It
happened that after the bell had been
up a long time, the rope was worn out,
and a piece of wild vine was made use
of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight
of Atri who had a noble charger which
was become unserviceable through age,
and he sought the expense of feeding
him, he turned him loose upon the com-
mon. The horse, driven by hunger,
raised his mouth to the vine to munch
it, and pulling it, the bell rang. The
judges assembled to consider the petition
of the horse, which appeared to demand
justice. They decreed that the knight
who had received injury in the youth should
feed him in his old age; a sentence
which the King confirmed under a heavy
penalty.

The jealous wife of a Cincinnati shoe-
maker admitted that it was necessary
for him to put on women the new shoes
that they bought, but she objected to
his performing that service in the case
of old and consequently easy shoes. A
young woman went into his shop to have
her shoe mended while she waited. When
it was finished she placed her foot in
his lap to have it put on and buttoned.
While he was absorbed in this his wife
came to the door, and the scene aroused
her jealousy. She went out and got a
clothes line, doubled it to a convenient
length, came back, and remarking that
she had been married to him fifteen years,
and he had never offered to put on her
shoes, she gave him a lashing with the
rope in the presence of the innocent cus-
tomer.

Thus other day a visitor to Dublin
hired a car for a tour to drive round
Phoenix Park. No sooner was he seated
than the driver proceeded to warm his
nag's ribs, and started off at about ten
miles an hour. As he did not slacken
his pace, the passenger asked the reason
for such quick traveling. "Faith," re-
plied Paddy, "d'ye think I'd be all day
driving you an hour?"

TRUE TO THE CORE—The apple-worm.

October Days.

[Breakfast Table.]

"Once more October's wealth of love-
liness is here." And with her wealth of
loveliness comes the wealth of weather,
her wealth of autumn woods—very rich
in a diversity of colors, like the rich
"coat of Joseph"—her wealth of fruits,
and her wealth of noonday suns and
morning and evening glows, and to many,
her wealth of fever and ague and rheumatism.

How different our months of the fall-
ing leaf to those of many parts of the
old country! Foreigners are astonished
and amazed at American autumn! There
the leaves on the trees never change
color till a whole grand forest looks
like a gorgeous bouquet, but the green
leaf slips from its parent branch and
falls unheeded to the ground.

Before they are naked, the woods
assume all the hues of a dying dolphin.
This peculiar coloring of the leaves
is attributed to the peculiarities of our
soil and climate. The chemical elements
are different and of greater variety than
in many European countries. In an
analysis of the autumn leaves, they are
found to have absorbed a great deal of
iron. Iron is, however, the life of ani-
mals and plants—it gives coloring and
beauty and enjoyment to everything.
Take a man from whose blood the iron
has almost departed, and you will find
a melancholy, morbid fellow, more mel-
ancholy and morbid still in the fall and
spring of the year. In all those beau-
tiful, rich leaves that you see in forest
and flowers, in the bracing atmosphere
of our best days, you will find this pow-
erful chemical element. It adds to the
glory and the grandeur of the day, and
invigorates and animates all about us.

Glorious October! What a sound to
the sense is that word, October! It
breathes of hope and energy for the
future, and wakens glad memories of the
past. Nutting-days in the forests, cider-
making days in the orchards, the mellow
smell of bedfellows and pippins, the
rambles and lads-and-blushes, the boyish
shouting at old, crazy-eyed, high-boned
Dobbin turning the windmills of the
cider-mill, the jaded crank, the apples,
and the gushing fluid! Delightful mem-
ories these! But the fact, as well as the
memory, is still with us. We have a
patient cider-mill, to be sure, that is not
so "romantic" as the old wooden one,
with its uncouth cogs, and we have
patent apples, too—but our boys are
not so fond of the jobbing, as the whites
turns our patient mill, as we were when
crazy-bone Dobbin plodded slowly his
wear-circle only at the crack of the
whip, taking every chance to idle when
he was not urged to his work.

But a welcome month is October still,
and always will be, to youth. Perhaps
he who is in the October of his life may
not greet the season with so much ex-
ultation, as it is to him an emblem and
a memorial of youth; yet still, to the old
as well as the young, it brings some
blessings and some joys, though amelio-
rated by the fading lustre of age.
If those who, in the course of years,
have gathered wealth into their garner,
the October of the month will bring them
the month will bring plenty of
blessings, now and for all their future.

October is a busy month for the
thrifty farmer. He is pushing forward
all necessary repairs about his farm;
tightening up his houses and sheds for
winter stock; husking his winter corn;
sowing his winter grain; preparing the
soil for spring; storing away his oats
and vegetables. There is always work
for such farmers, October, when rightly
used, pays as well as any month in the
year; and if all men will use it rightly,
we need fear neither pestilence nor famine.

Safety of Railroad Traveling.

[Cincinnati Times.]

Some time ago we referred to the re-
ports of the railroad commissioners of
Massachusetts, on the marvelous im-
munity from accident railroad passengers
had enjoyed in that State for the twenty
years or more covered by the reports.
The similar fact showing the safety of
railway travel is brought out in the re-
port made to the Connecticut Legisla-
ture by the railroad commissioners of that
State. There were carried in 1877 in
that State 4,254,015 passengers who
traveled an average distance each of fifty
miles, or 212,700,000 who traveled one
mile. Out of the immense number there
was but one killed. That one was found
near a bridge, and is supposed to have
been killed by the train. \$5 even for this
one death the railroad company was not
directly responsible.

Contrast this immunity with what
might have been reasonably expected to
happen in the old days of stage coaches.
The Hartford Courant, which appears to
have given a great deal of time and
study to the investigation, says it would
require 425,000 coaches, 9,000,000
horses and 425,000 drivers, to convey
these passengers, and at an average rate
of eight miles an hour it would have taken
thirteen days for the coaches to pass a
given point. Who that remembers any-
thing about the dangers of travel in the
old times can believe that but a single
accident would be a happy day for the
old sailors in a fierce storm thank the
Lord they are in a staunch vessel instead
of on the land. But as compared with
a vessel, the railroad train is an ark of
safety. Even the wonderful fast train
that runs between Philadelphia and New
York, whose speed is at times at the rate
of seventy miles an hour, has run for
more than two centuries without a fatality
from accident. The casualties that occur
on any road are very few in number,
and the number of persons killed or
injured in comparison with those who
travel is very small. If all
who travel should take out a policy in
an accident insurance company, the
stock of the company would soon be
worth a very high premium.

Edison Outdone.

A still later discovery than either the
photograph or the telephone (the *New
Letter says*) is one recently made by a
prominent dentist in San Francisco. It
is to the effect that a dumb person, in
nine cases out of ten, does not owe the
loss of his speech to any defect in his
larynx, palate, epiglottis or his *solanum
larynx*, but a defective arrangement of
his teeth. The doctor recently visited a
large Dumb and Dumb Asylum and
pulsed out all the teeth of eleven sup-
posed incurable mutes, aggregating
about one hundred and eighty-seven
molars in all. He then inserted a regu-
lar and even set of teeth of his own mak-
ing, with a rubber plate attached, and
in each case the patient was able to talk
perfectly plainly five minutes after the
operation was over, with the exception
of one man, who, from long habits of
silence, refused to speak, but moodily
whistling "Hail Columbia" through his
sore gums. At this stage of the ex-
periment the officers of the asylum, who
had drawn large salaries, fired the doctor
out of the building, after vainly at-
tempting to bribe him to keep his dis-
covery secret; but the inventor is not
secretly poisoned or basely assassinated
by the corrupt hirelings who fatten on
the miseries of our fellows in public
institutions, there will be a heap of talk-
ing done this year.

Capt. Tyson's Account of the Voyage of the Florence.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

In pursuance of the orders of Capt.
Blowgate, directing me to proceed to
Cumberland Gulf, or elsewhere in my
discretion, for the purpose of collecting
skins, skin clothing, Esquimaux dogs
and sledges, and other material and sup-
plies necessary for a long Arctic voyage,
we sailed from New London, Ct., on the
2d of August, 1877, at half-past ten a.
m. After a long and tedious voyage of
forty-one days, we arrived in Cumber-
land Gulf. Owing to the large number
of vessels we encountered there, and the
presence of others during the summer,
which had left prior to our arrival, there
was a very great dearth of skins; in fact,
there were none. Two of these vessels,
steamers, had carried out some Esqui-
maux who were to the southward.
Other Esquimaux who were accustomed
to congress with the whalers, and these,
before their departure, had contracted
with some of the vessels for the skins
they might obtain.

Under these circumstances you can
readily perceive the difficult position in
which we are placed. It being too late
to collect skins, we determined to stay
and do the best we could. Accordingly,
we remained at Niantille Harbor, latitude
65° 10' north, longitude 67° 30' west,
awaiting the return of the Esquimaux,
which I concluded would be about the
last of September or the 1st of October.
About the last of the former month
many arctic whalers, and a great many
of the British vessels from Scotland,
with whom they had contracted, ar-
rived and came immediately to the Flo-
rence. These we engaged, and on the 1st
of October we got under way, intending
to winter at the head of the gulf, and re-
mote from any of the other vessels.
In this way we kept the Esquimaux
we had secured from the influence of the
whites in the gulf.

We visited the Krickerions Islands
before going up, and finding nothing
there, continued our way, and anchored
in Annatook Harbor, at the head of the
gulf, on the 7th of October, in latitude
66° 27' north, longitude 68° 58' west.
There we passed the winter and spent
a number of skins. Some of these were
made into clothing. Those we obtained
in the spring, however, not having time
to make them up, we secured and packed
away. On breaking out from our winter
quarters in the spring, we were met by
men managed to induce five men to
accompany us to the coast of Greenland.
There were also five women and five
children, making fifteen in all, and they
carried with them a large number of
skins.

On the 19th of July we sailed for
Disco Island, carrying with the fifteen
Esquimaux, twenty-five dogs, a fair
quantity of skin clothing, and a great
many skins, soon to be put into shape
by the manipulations of the women.
We arrived at Disco on the last day
of July, where, as of course you know,
we did not meet any expedition. We waited
patiently until the 22d of August, re-
ceiving, at that time, no danger from
the government, and then, despairing
of any communication, we started on
our return to Cumberland Gulf, carrying
everything with us.

And now came the most difficult
portion of our voyage. The season has
been very profligate in ice, none of the
Scottish whalers being able to get on to
Melville Bay on the Greenland side,
and up to the time we left Disco the
Danish ships had been unable to reach
their upper settlements. We encoun-
tered the ice of Cape Mercy, latitude
64° 45' north, longitude 65° 30' west,
and worked our way through the pack
a distance of two hundred miles, then
with the greatest labor, and at times
threatened with serious catastrophe. Happily,
we arrived in the gulf on the last
day of August, and as the season was so
advanced that no further delay was
practicable, we paid and discharged the
Esquimaux on the 2d of September, and
at once started on our return.

Of the more interesting results of the
voyage there is every reason to be satisfied, though
the accomplishment of its immediate
purposes led to no practical end. The
scientific gentlemen, Messrs. Kumlin
and Sherman, have been indefatigable
in the performance of their duties, and
are much pleased with their discoveries.
We walked off the trail, and the men
mentioned the finding of meteoric iron
in the trap rock, the addition of five
species of birds to the fauna of the
Atlantic seaboard, and the procuring of
a whale's skeleton. We have escaped
skinnings of any kind during the entire
voyage, and procured one fine head of
a walrus weighing eighteen hun-
dred pounds. Moreover, the ice in the
whaling line was impossible for us to
do and attend to other duties, even had
the season been an usually good one in
this respect, the fact being that it has
been almost an entire failure at Cum-
berland.

GEORGE T. TYSON.

Action of the Sea.

Whole districts are gradually worn by
the action of the sea on their coasts.
The sites of ancient towns have been
in some instances swallowed up. The port
of Ravenscroft, England, celebrated in
the time of Edward II, is now quite de-
stroyed. It is probable that the Orkney
and Shetland Islands were once a part
of Great Britain, and that Great Britain
itself was once united to the coast of
France, and even America to the eastern
coast of Europe. More than this, the
island of Nordstrand, on the coast
of Schleswig, was fifty miles long by
thirty-five broad, and at the end of the
seventeenth century it was reduced to
twenty miles in circumference. The
natural causes, part of the effect of
which is here noted, are gradually
bringing the debris of the mountains
into the plains and the sea under the
tremendous pressure of water aver-
aging from six to nine miles in depth,
they are gradually consolidated into
hard rock. An illustration of the pres-
sure at great depths in the ocean was
once furnished by a whale, struck with
a harpoon, sinking to a enormous
depth, dragging with him his husband.
The boat was hauled to the surface, it
was found that its wood had been com-
pressed until it was as solid as iron, and
would not float.

"Tell me, William," said Mrs. Jones,
"telling over on her sick bed and looking
unutterable tenement at her husband,
"If I should die, you wouldn't marry
again, would you?" "Not by a danged
sight!" replied William, with great vi-
olence, feeling softly at his denuded
head; "you can bet your life on it!"
"Ah, William," said Mrs. Jones, her
eyes filling with tears, "there was never
any sentiment about you worth men-
tioning."—*Buffalo Express.*

MAN goes to the dogmas; woman is
satisfied with sacraments. Her instinct
apprehends what his reason is so slow to
admit—that God allows himself to be
approached more readily than to be un-
derstood.

Waking up the Baby.

[By M. Quail.]

Just at dusk, the other dismal day,
three children, the oldest of whom did not
seem over ten years old, were huddled
together on the rickety steps of an old
house on Beaubien-street. A pedestrian
passed over their heads to read the num-
ber on the door, and the children looked
so frightened that he asked:
"Children, where are your father and
mother?"

"Father's been gone way off for ever
so long, and mother goes out to wash
and hasn't got home yet," answered the
eldest, a girl.

"And you are all alone?"
"Yes, sir, but baby is in on the bed.
He's been asleep an awful long time,
and we can't wake him up. If we could
we'd play hide and seek and let him find
us."

"Is the baby sick?" inquired the man.
"We don't know, sir, but we can't
wake him up; I touched him and he
touched him, and he didn't move once.
I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you
think you could wake him up?"

"I'll try," replied the man, as he
went in, and when the girl lighted the
lamp he followed her into a bedroom in
which there was neither carpet nor
furniture. Pushed back against the
wall was a poor old straw tick and a
single quilt. He bent over to look at the
child, and the first glance showed him
that little Sandy was dead. On the win-
dow-sill were some pieces of bread and
milk, with which the children intended
to feed him. The dead child's hand
clamped a rag doll made of an old calico
over the resistance of the nature and the
face were evidences that it had known
sickness and hunger throughout its
brief life. While the children waited
for him to open his eyes and romp with
them, and drive the gloom out of his
house, the angels had whispered to him,
and his eyes had unclosed to behold the
splendor of Heaven.

"Won't he wake up?" asked one of
the children, standing back in the shadow.
"Children, you must not come in here
until your mother comes!" he said, as
he left the room.

"Won't he be afraid to wake up in
the dark?" they asked.
"He will sleep a long time yet!" he
whispered, not daring to tell them the
truth, and as he went out they put the
light in on the bed-room floor, that little
Sandy might not find the darkness
around him when his sleep had ended.
Poor things! They knew not and they
could not see the crown of glory on the
dead child's brow—a crown whose light
the shadows of earth can never
darken in the least.

Seeing the Crater.

Two American girls determined to as-
cend to the crater of Vesuvius during
the first week of September, and, ac-
cording to the statement of an English-
man who wrote immediately a full ac-
count of the matter to the *Times* (Lon-
don), narrowly escaped—not falling in
and finding "there was nothing in it"
—but being swindled. They were in-
formed at the hotel, and also by a trusty
guide, that there was no danger from
the condition of the mountain; but the
journey should be performed at night,
as the heat of the day was oppressive.
They were advised to be on the cone by
sunrise. A gentleman, who was a stran-
ger to them, and perhaps, less plucky,
but who proved good company, agreed
to accompany them, and the three em-
ployed a courier, who spoke Eng-
lish. The party went to Pompeii in
the afternoon, rested from seven to
twelve o'clock, and then, at midnight,
after a cup of strong coffee, started out
upon what they supposed must prove to
them a delightful excursion. By three
a. m. all were at the summit. The wind
howled and blew the sulphurous smoke
into their lungs and eyes, and the fire
only partly lighted up the darkness.
Then the Italian guides asked the
ladies to descend into the outer crater,
in order to compel them to pay a fee
for an "extra." They declined to go.
The courier was appealed to for his in-
fluence to induce them to go. He simply
asked them if they wished to go, and
upon their saying no, told the men so.
They became only the more exasperated,
and began quarreling with the courier.
He remained good natured, but they
battered him, clinched their fists, and
then went through a scene which beggars
description. Fancy the night, the place,
the persons—two ladies and a stranger,
with ten Italians bent on rob-
bing them of money,—and these demons
before the glare of this little hell light-
ing the courier himself. The ladies had
desired to be carried up the cone on the
chairs always in waiting, but were served
five francs each for that service.
The courier, five dollars for the three; and
thus in consequence of the conduct of
the men no pleasure whatever was de-
rived at the summit. At eight a. m. they
reached Pompeii again, glad to be with
civilized people, although drenched to
the skin by the rain which began at
seven, and which they hurried through
on their way back to the city. The reach
of all the scoundrels who seemed to
infest the region of Vesuvius.

"Thomas," cried a Townsend-street
woman to her husband, as she let him
in at the front door, at two a. m., the
other morning, "where have you been
until this unearthly hour, and why do
you come home with your breath smell-
ing of beer?" "That's all right," re-
marked Thomas, as he leaned up against
the wall and tried to look sober.
"That's all right," said the woman,
thing ever said in my life, by (hic)
Jove." "What's?" snapped the Town-
send-street woman. "Tel—(hic)—tele-
phone," said Thomas, with an imbecile
smile. "How do you make out?" de-
manded the woman, in icy tones, "that
working with the telephone would make
your breath smell of beer?" "Easiest
thing in the world," returned Thomas,
as he steadied himself in the corner,
"this 's very simple; man at the other
end of the line was full. That's
whisper masher," and Thomas worked
his way up stairs, chuckling at the idea
of fooling his wife.

THERE is nothing like medical knowl-
edge. When one sees a man whose toes
have taken a sudden notion to double up
and the sole of his foot turn inward,
and is told that the man had "something
the matter with his head about five
years ago, and has never been quite
well since," one does not quite under-
stand; but when the doctor beams in and
says that the unfortunate has had cere-
bral hemorrhage, and that the corpus
striatum, optic thalamus, choroid plexus,
or septum thalami has been involved,
or that probably a lesion in some other
part of the brain has been formed, and
that in consequence there is a secondary
degeneration of the spinal cord, and
that the cause of the toes being fixed and
the foot being turned inward is a con-
traction of the flexor longus digitorum
and the tibialis posterior, the whole
thing is perfectly plain.

Barbarism in Broadcloth.

[New York Mercantile Journal.]

When the classic poet, half in bit-
terness, half in poetic prophecy, sang the
unrequited toil of those who labor that
others chiefly may enjoy; of the bee,
which gathers and stores up the honey
that he will not be allowed to eat; of the
ox, which bears his heavy yoke and
drags the plow through rich fields, on
whose after product he may not browse,
he cast sidelong and penetrating glances
at a kind of injustice which lingers
among men, wherever the true spirit of
civilization and sound policy has not
prevailed. We know not what means
trait could distinguish a condition of
society where there would be but two
classes—lords or slaves, and taskmasters
over them—than the understanding that
the toiler was to receive but the most
trifling modicum of the benefit arising
from his labor, after having borne the
heat and burden of the day, in clearing
the land, rearing the first, dwelling
thereon, sowing the seed and harvesting
the crop. We know that in the semi-
barbarous condition which some are
wont to dignify with sounding names,
this system of glaring injustice is the rule
rather than the exception; and that
many who are loudest in preaching the
doctrines of an equal humanity are the
last to practice it. But the universality
of the wrong in no wise palliates it,
morally speaking, nor yet relieves it of
the mark of folly, regarding it merely in
the world's way. Were a nobler plan
prevailing, there would be a far sounder
condition of affairs, more truth and con-
fidence between men, and we believe
an infinitely more rapid and successful
progress in the resistance of the evils of
mortal existence. The workman who
feels himself but an implement, liable,
when his task is done and the fruition of
his success is at hand, to be flung aside
to make room for those who have had no
part in the long laborious process of
preparation, in no mood that bodes
well to society. A community largely
composed of men similarly disappointed
in their various walks of life, is ever ripe
for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."